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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1892.

TWENTY-TWO PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.—There are twelve supposed cases of cholera in Berlin; Stettin is in danger of infection. ==== "The London Times" severely criticised Mr. Gladstone's "North American Review" article. ==== "Haddon Hall," a new opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sydney Grundy, was successfully produced in London. ==== The Federal authorities of Germany have yielded assent to the proposed two years' service in the Army.

Domestic.—The case of Commissioner Peck, in the Albany County Court, was postponed until Wednesday, on the request of his counsel. ==== Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore died suddenly in St. Louis. ==== The report of the Government directors of the Union Pacific Railway was made public. ==== Senator Hill and Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan spoke in Buffalo. ==== There were severe electric storms in this State. ==== Seven prisoners escaped from the Monroe County jail at Rochester.

City and Suburban.—A mass meeting of Republicans at Tarrytown was addressed by Chauncey M. Depew, Whitelaw Reid and ex-Judge Noah Davis. ==== Frederick O. Beach began the regular driving of his coach Republic between here and Tuxedo. ==== Winners at Gravesend: Eagle Bird, Transit, Ajax, Lamplighter, Tom Rogers and Cynosure. ==== Mr. Wilson, of the Health Board, said that the city was absolutely free from cholera; one suspected case in the Bowery. ==== Two baseball games were played at the Polo Grounds, New-York winning one and Boston the other.

The Weather.—Forecast for to-day: Clearing; southerly winds; warm.

Temperature yesterday: Highest, 75 degrees; lowest, 67; average, 71 1-4.

Among the popular events of the week that begins to-day will be the Westchester County Fair, which opens at White Plains on Tuesday. The programme comprises a large number of interesting features, and the array of cups and money prizes offered to successful exhibitors is unusually extensive. The fair will last throughout the week until Saturday, and if the preliminary function in connection therewith, in the shape of the county ball which took place at Yonkers on Friday night affords any criterion, it promises to be a great success.

Although cholera still retains its hold upon Hamburg to such an extent that a temporary railroad is about to be constructed from the city to the cemetery, yet the epidemic appears, from our cable dispatches published to-day, to be flickering out elsewhere on the Continent, while Great Britain remains absolutely free from the malady. There were no new cases of cholera in this city yesterday, and the steamship Polaria, from Stettin, with immigrants on board, whose arrival had been awaited with apprehension, came into port during the course of the morning with a report of all well on board. Nor have there been any fresh cases of the malady in Lower Quarantine, and the situation at Camp Low is so encouraging that the Normannia's steerage passengers were removed from Sandy Hook and permitted to enter this city yesterday.

A perfect epidemic of evictions appears from the London cable dispatch, which we publish to-day, to have broken out in Ireland. It has followed closely upon Secretary Morley's abandonment of the powers conferred upon the Government by the Coercion act, which has now practically become a dead letter. The object of the evicting landlords, who all belong to the Tory or Unionist party, is undoubtedly to create trouble for the present Administration, and to goad the unfortunate tenantry into disturbing the public peace. This will not be difficult. For the harvests have been bad, the agricultural prices of every kind are exceptionally low, and the winter threatens to prove the worst that Ireland has experienced since 1886. The policy of the landlord element at this juncture is therefore particularly heartless, and demands energetic treatment by Secretary Morley before agrarian crime and outrage due to landlord tyranny again become rampant. Possibly Mr. Morley might do well to revive the Coercion act and to apply its provisions, not to the tenantry, but for the purpose of keeping the landlord element from intentionally fomenting distress and crime for selfish political and party purposes.

Something would appear to be rotten in the administration of the Monroe County Jail. It is hardly probable, if proper precautions were taken in that institution, that it would be possible for seven prisoners to make their escape in the same night with none to hinder them. The success of their plan for breaking out involved no little preparation, and if a system was in operation in the jail which was at all suggestive of vigilance, how did it happen that none of the officials suspected that there was anything wrong until the seven jailbirds had flown? The fact that the delivery was not more general would seem to have been due simply to a lack of enterprise on the part of the other prisoners. The escape ought to be thoroughly investigated—in case Monroe County believes that prisoners should not be allowed to go free on their own motion.

THE NATION'S BENEFACTORS.

The Grand Army of the Republic has ended its encampment, and the veterans of many battles, as they return to their homes among the sixty-five millions of people to whom they have given a united Nation, are watched with admiring gratitude in every car and street. Americans are not a demonstrative people. They do not often break out into wild hurrahs when their deepest feelings are stirred. But the glances of respect and honor, the eyes often dimmed by grateful emotions, which greet the heroes of thirty years ago wherever their familiar uniforms and well-remembered badges are seen, tell of a stronger regard than the passionate outbreaks could express with which men of other races might greet their benefactors.

To these men, and the larger army of comrades who have found rest, the Americans of this day owe the most powerful, most prosperous and most united Nation on earth. To them we owe the grandest pages of the New World's history. To them we owe deeds of devotion and heroism which live forever to make the American character devoted and heroic. To them we owe the world's knowledge that American smartness and thrift in business, and eagerness for material success, have not made our people incapable of the grandest moral achievements. To these same veterans the Nation owes more than a quarter of a century of such growth and prosperity as no other country has ever enjoyed, so that already the youngest of the family of great nations is the richest and most powerful. All the blessings that now delight us, all the priceless blessings that we hope to transmit to the generations coming after us, come to the Americans of to-day through the self-sacrificing patriotism and bravery of those who wear the blue. When their deeds are no longer remembered and honored by Americans, then indeed this people will be unworthy of its priceless heritage.

In the mellow moonlight of distance it may seem an easy and simple thing for these veterans to have marched to the defence of their Government. But they left industries and business and earnings behind them. Most of them left behind happy homes, and loving wives and tender children for whom they would have given their lives, and when they marched away at the call of duty they knew that many who went would never return. They faced death on the battle-field, and still more deadly disease. With full and strong ranks they marched, but when they returned the flags were torn and the ranks thinned, and distant graves held many of their number. It was a grand thing that these men did, and the grander for their lofty motive—that self-government should not perish from the earth—and great have been the results which those now realize who honor these veterans for their fidelity.

Honor waits for them while any of them live. Nothing that a thankful people can do will be too much for those who risked all and gave all. Well may hearts beat more quickly and proudly when Americans remember their example and their deeds. Well may the people rejoice that so many of these heroes are yet with us, to kindle by their very presence the noblest patriotism.

THE NEXT STEP IN ROAD REFORM.

No one who has kept himself informed in regard to the movement looking to a radical improvement of the roads of this country can doubt that already the reform has made great progress. It is not too much to affirm that of late there has been a general awakening to the necessity of building better roads. Five years ago the subject received very little attention in any quarter. Now there is not a section of the United States in which it is not being earnestly discussed. Last month, for example, a road convention was held in Missouri, composed of several hundred delegates appointed by the county courts; a similar convention was held in Iowa, while at the Interstate Grange Convention which met in Pennsylvania the subject of road improvement received careful consideration. Earlier in the year a number of other State road conventions were held, and the United States Senate passed a bill providing for a National Highway Commission.

So far so good. The first step which counts has been taken—public sentiment has been thoroughly aroused to the need of doing something for our roads. But what shall be done? And who shall foot the bills? The exhibit which is to be made at the Chicago Fair of roadmaking and roadmaking machinery ought to go far toward answering the first of these questions. Everybody from every State will attend the Fair, and if the road exhibit meets the best expectations, it will instruct the whole country in the science of roadmaking. It is to be hoped, as we have already remarked, that the exhibit will not be scattered, so that the visitor who is in search of information will be compelled to make the tour of a number of departments before he can see the whole of it. In order that such an object-lesson may be readily mastered by the multitude—whose time at the Fair will be limited while the things which they will want to see will be numberless—it ought not to be divided—a piece here and a piece there. The Fair over, the next step would seem to be a National roadmaking convention, the aim being to see if an improved system cannot be devised which, so far, at least, as its fundamental features are concerned, shall be generally adopted. A writer in "The Charleston News and Courier" suggests that South Carolina "should unite with the people of other States to have the subject fully investigated by competent commissioners, who shall examine the methods of road construction employed in Europe, and with the aid of competent assistants shall illustrate them by means of a special and complete exhibit at the Chicago Exposition, and of printed reports to be distributed free throughout the country." It is pretty generally conceded that, although one of the great popular wants of the country is good roads, the majority are unable as yet to determine what it is necessary to do in order to solve the problem which confronts them. However, the American people as a whole have been made to see that they cannot afford to maintain bad roads. That momentous fact having been brought home to them, there is no occasion to worry. They will learn how to make good roads, and then will set to work in good earnest and make them.

But the reform is going to cost an enormous sum of money, and hence, naturally enough, it encounters a good deal of opposition on the part of conservative people. Shall Uncle Sam give us better roads? Shall the State? How shall the funds be raised so that the taxpayers shall not protest? Up to date this is the most difficult problem which the subject has developed.

THE BREAKING OF RECORDS.

This is an age of extreme rapidity, and the passion for speed in every form of movement appears to grow more intense with every year. The demand for the saving of every minute that can possibly be saved in crossing the ocean is so strong that the steamship lines have felt compelled to build bigger and swifter steamers one after another, although the outlay involved has been something prodigious. So marked progress has already been made in cutting down the time required in crossing the Atlantic, and so many vessels have already been built or ordered, that in a few years the transatlantic fleet, for the number of huge ships employed, for the marvellous celerity of their passages, for the splendor of their appointments, for the luxury of travel by water, will exemplify the marvellous development of the nineteenth century in a way that must mightily impress the whole civilized world. But it is not only on the water that people wish to move with the greatest rapidity that is consistent with safety. The anxiety to get from one place to another with the least possible delay is characteristically American, and the American railways are constantly improving their service. They did not advance with much swiftness in that direction until within the last score of years, but the steps onward that have been taken by the railroad corporations in that time are notable indeed. The limited expresses running between the principal cities of the country have far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the railroad managers and the railroad passenger of a quarter of a century ago. America is now ahead of the rest of the world in the swiftness of her railroad trains, and if it were not for the haste which Americans are so passionately fond of in travelling, it is not at all likely that so powerful and rapid vessels would have been required on the transatlantic lines.

All sorts of records are cut down in these breathless days. Not only do ocean steamships move faster than ever before, and express trains dash to and fro in all parts of the United States with unprecedented velocity, but American horses are accomplishing greater feats than in former years. The restless American mind is prolific of inventions and improvements for devouring space. That superb mare, Nancy Hanks, has shown that it is possible for a trotter to cover a mile in 2:05 1-4, provided she draws a sulky with pneumatic tires and with ball bearings for the axles to move upon. Mr. Bonner's beautiful mares, Maud S. and Sunol, never had the advantages of these inventions; their remarkable records were made in the old-fashioned sulkies, which must be regarded as some seconds slower to the mile than the bicycle sulkies now in use for the fast trotters. Brilliant as the fame of Nancy Hanks is, the reputation of Maud S., Sunol and Palo Alto will not soon be forgotten. It must be borne in mind, in considering the noteworthy performances of the trotters, that not only have the sulkies been improved to a great extent in their capacity for speed, but the tracks on which these performances have been made have also been improved. Kite-shaped tracks enable a trotter to cut down the mile record considerably below that which was held on the oval or circular tracks. The tracks are prepared with more skill and thoroughness for record-breaking feats than they were in former years. The surface is put in the best possible condition both for the trotter and the sulky. A similar state of affairs exists on the running courses. For many a year the running record at a mile remained at 1:39 3-4, and it was not until a perfectly straight track was used at Monmouth Park two years ago that this was cut down extensively. On the straight track that imperial racehorse, Salvator, reduced the record to 1:33 1-2.

Every one who has paid any attention to the subject must have observed that the reduction of records of all sorts has been made with bewildering rapidity in the last few years. For many years before a recent period the old records were not greatly improved upon. This was true of almost every form of locomotion. Ingenious and resourceful minds have been devoting themselves with especial energy to the task of ascertaining the shortest time in which moving bodies of all sorts may pass between certain points, and their success is the amazement of the world. There is another sort of record which has been broken into on the most extensive and impressive scale of late. That is the record for bicycles. Before the days of pneumatic tires on bicycle-wheels, before the ball bearings were adopted, and the other improvements in the manufacture of bicycles were taken up, no rider of a bicycle attempted to rival in speed a fast trotter. It was thought for years that it was impossible to approach the time made by a fast trotter at a mile; but Zimmerman and others have astonished all observers by the almost incredible speed with which they have sent their bicycles over prepared tracks. The kite-shaped track, of course, gives the bicycle-rider a great advantage over the oval or circular track, as is the case with trotting and running horses as well. It is a pity that the broad and spacious courses at Monmouth Park are not nearer New-York City. If they were within a few miles of the metropolis they could be put in such condition that it would be possible to have every sort of contest of speed upon them. On the straight mile at Monmouth the finest opportunity would be offered to test the possibilities of bicycle-riding and the speed of trotters and runners. It is not unlikely that within a comparatively short time the record made by Salvator at Monmouth Park may be equalled; and if at Independence, or anywhere else in the country, there were a straight mile course so level and in so fine condition as that at Monmouth every record-breaker, whether in bicycle-riding or in trotting or in running, would have the best chance to obtain a still wider celebrity. Now that the bicycle record has been brought down so low it ought not to be difficult to arrange contests of great interest between fast horses and bicycle-riders. After such feats as have already been accomplished in the way of rapid movement, it does not seem possible that the records can be reduced much further. The limit of the powers of men and of horses, and of steam-engines as well, may soon be reached. For any further achievements in the lines of record-breaking in speed the human race may have to rely upon electricity or upon movement through the air. Possibly in the next century we may see people flitting to and fro through the air on some sort of atmospheric bicycle, which will move at such a rate of speed that even the Zimmermans, the Johnsons and other riders of the flying wheel may pass out of public memory.

AMERICANS WHO ANTEDATE AMERICA.

There is a story, now become a classic, of a traveller who, for his first and only time, visited the Hub of the Universe, and climbed to the top of the Bunker Hill Monument; and who met, on his descent from the summit, a native Bostonian, who had spent all his life within sight of the famous shaft and never yet had entered its precincts. Real or invented, the story conveys an obvious moral, of well-nigh universal application. It is the far-off, the seldom-seen, the hardly attained, that man most prizes, to the neglect of that which lies at his door, though oftentimes the latter be of greater worth. If only Mrs. Jellyby cared as much for home as for Borrioboola Gha! If only our schoolchildren devoted as much attention to their mother tongue as to some smattering of foreign languages! And so through the whole catalogue. "Do the next thing" is a hard command, when one is hankering to do the twenty-seventh thing beyond.

All this is a truism; but it is a truism of which we need to be reminded, and of which now and then we are forcibly, sometimes pathetically, reminded. One gallant adventurer with his comrades has just returned from exploration of the Polar wilderness. Other discoverers have been fixing intensest gaze and thought upon a distant planet. A goodly company of savans has been discussing and studying the lore of the ancient and distant Orient. And we read of their doings, and declare them to be well; as indeed they are. But what of the planet on which we live, and the wildernesses that lie at our very doors, and the untold wealth of lore and legend and scientific fact here in our own land and now in our own time, too much neglected and forgot? Macaulay's schoolboy would be shamed to own his ignorance of England's peerage. But what does his American classmate know of our native peerage, that was time-honored when the paint was new on the escutcheon of the Howards? The schoolboys of the world have heard of the prowess of Achilles and the wanderings of Aeneas, and the small-talk of society is now seasoned with the Heldenbuch's version of the Niblung Lay. But how many, even of our so-called sages, have explored the treasure-chambers of the Iroquois Book of Rites?

The fact is that we have been guilty both of great injustice to the American aborigine and of deplorable neglect to glean the harvest of ethnological knowledge—aye, and literary and artistic knowledge, too—which he has offered us. Some men have studied him and written of him. But too often they have done so only in a poetic or romantic vein; or else their work has passed along unheeded. "The only good Indian is the dead Indian" has been too much the popular idea; his body, his traditions, his folk-lore, his religion, alike dead. Of serious, systematic, intelligent study of him and acquaintance with him, there has been far too little, either for his good or for our knowledge of a race by no means the least important and interesting in the world.

The letters which we have published from an accomplished correspondent in the Six Nations Reserve—the first on Sunday last, the second to-day—give some fascinating and most instructive glimpses of Iroquois life and lore. They show us the existence for centuries past of an elaborate social and political organism, with features that may well command the attention of the student of sociology and statecraft. They show us manners and customs of surpassing picturesqueness. They show us a literature containing works worthy, as our writer well says, to rank among the greatest efforts of human genius. They show us a religious faith which may be pagan, but is sublime, declaring that, however many and diverse be the modes of worship, there is but one God, the Father of us all. Surely, here is a field for sympathetic study now; not to be left for future ages, hampered by the decay of time. Surely, it is comparable in interest with the ruins of Susa, or Pompeii, or the cities of the Pharaohs. And surely the time to study it, as our correspondent has done, is now, while yet the Six Nations exist, and while yet a Skanawati survives, and before it shall truly be said in the words of the Iroquois hymn: "Ye are in your graves who established it. Ye have taken it with you, and have placed it under you, and there is nothing left but a desert."

There could be no time more appropriate for such study than this, in which all thoughts are dwelling upon the august event of four centuries ago. Spain and Italy claim a great share of interest in the Columbian quadri-centenary. Chiefest of all is the share of new America. But what of old America, the yet unnamed America, that had its nations and its social and political systems, and its literature and art and religion, ages before our ancestors learned that the earth was round? Amid the honors paid to the discoverer, what of the man he discovered? At Chicago next year, and in every thoughtful mind to-day, room for the Red Man! Room!

KNOWLEDGE AND LIFE.

The over-production in material things of which we occasionally hear in the industrial world may be duplicated in the mental world, and in this month's "Forum" Professor R. H. Thurston declares that such a condition of things actually exists to-day. The activities of the human mind during the last fifty years have been almost entirely employed in increasing the area of knowledge concerning man and the universe, while comparatively little time has been given to learning how best to use and apply this knowledge. We are much like miners feverishly throwing up great nuggets of gold out of an inexhaustible mine. Only occasionally we pause for a few moments while we barter some of the least precious of our nuggets for the crude necessaries or the equally crude luxuries of life, which we cannot always enjoy. These obtained with the least possible expenditure of time and thought, we hurry back to our delving in Nature's mine with even greater eagerness than before, until finally death and oblivion come to us, and the great heap of accumulated treasures still lies there in barbaric confusion, with almost none of their uses or possibilities developed.

It must be confessed that there is considerable truth in this view of the matter. The results of man's labor and thought are so enormous and varied that it has not been possible to systematize our knowledge of them. In the world's great laboratory to-day there is much analysis and little synthesis. Our thinkers and investigators and observers devote all their energies to putting labels on their intellectual "finds," until modern civilization resembles a huge bric-a-brac shop, in which the useful and the useless are huddled together in inextricable confusion. What we need to do more than anything else at the present time is to take account of our stock in order to see what we have, and what use we may make of it; and yet that is the one thing we are unable to do, so inexorable is the movement of modern life, and so complex are its activities.

Under such circumstances, it is inevitable that the world is wasteful of the great agencies whose powers it is partially learning, and many of the most hopeful discoveries of science lead into nothing more than a cul de sac, where they lie in arrested development. "Every animate creature," declares Professor Thurston, "is a machine of enormously higher efficiency than the engines of the Teutonic or the most powerful locomotive. Every gymnotus living in the mud of a tropical stream puts to shame man's best efforts in the production of electricity; and the minute insect that flashes across his lawn on a summer evening, or the worm that lights his path in the garden, exhibits a system of illumination incomparably superior to his most perfect electric lights." No one who looks out on the world to-day will deny that there is a substratum of truth in this statement. The present age displays a poverty of thought in some directions that is as striking as its intense activity and spirit of scientific research, about which we are wont so loudly to boast. Like the barbarians of old, who were content to sit in insensate enjoyment of the wealth and luxury they acquired, we wander about in the great intellectual and material junkshop we have filled with the spoils of Nature, hardly knowing what it all means, and only dimly understanding its relation to our spiritual and moral progress.

But such a state of affairs cannot always continue. It is a scientific as well as a religious axiom that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment, and this practical age will soon realize the folly of imitating the housewife who fills her house with costly stuffs and never gives herself time to enjoy their use. We may never look forward to a cessation of that struggle to wrest from the universe its secrets which so characterizes modern civilization, for the thirst for knowledge once developed is never satisfied. But we may expect to see a wiser division of labor than now exists. Besides the pioneers who will spend their lives in widening the area of human knowledge there will arise a great army of men whose supreme task it will be to make the most perfect possible application of every material fact in promoting the progress and happiness of men.

Potent is the spell which the mystic King of the North holds over the imaginations of adventurous spirits who have been drawn into his ice-bound realm. One of the first declarations made by Lieutenant Peary upon his return to Philadelphia was an expression of eager desire to return to Greenland and to complete his exploration of the north coast. One thing can be said in favor of such expeditions as his. They involve the smallest possible risk to life and very large additions to geographical and scientific knowledge. It is safe to assume that another expedition from the same winter quarters could outline the entire northern coast of Greenland from Cape Bismarck to Lockwood Island in the course of two years.

With all the campaign issues of 1890, such as the McKinley prices, McKinley wages, the Billion-Dollar Congress, negro domination and Russian dictatorship in Congress, smashed and fairly pulverized, the Democracy awaits with feverish anxiety the appearance of Mr. Cleveland's letter. It wants something fresh to talk about—some brand-new phrases, sonorous and symmetrical.

Governor McKinley's speech in Philadelphia had a fairly electrical effect upon his great audience. His appearance upon the platform was the signal for tumultuous applause, but that was a zephyr compared with the storm of cheering and excitement when he closed his address. Veteran politicians assert that there has not been an equally enthusiastic assemblage in Philadelphia since war time. Governor McKinley, by virtue of the dignity of his presence, his splendid oratorical powers and the cumulative force of his argument, ranks with the lamented Garfield in mastery of the art of campaign speaking.

It would seem that the Dutch have not taken the whole of Holland. One of the leading reviews of that country candidly confesses that Douglas Campbell, of this city, has shown in his recently published work, "The Puritan in Holland," that "he is far better acquainted with our history than many of ourselves." We congratulate Mr. Campbell, incidentally remarking that it is the function of the proud Yankee to beat all creation, on its own ground.

The officers of the Republican State Committee seem to realize the importance of instructing voters, especially in the rural districts, regarding the operation of the new Ballot law. This is the first year in which a Presidential election has been held since the new law was adopted, and experience shows that a considerable number of voters will be likely to remain away from the polls on account of the change in the method of voting. It is to the last degree important that measures should be taken to explain the simple working of the new system, and to induce every Republican to do his duty at the polls. Schools of the ballot are needed in all parts of the State. Republicans can learn a lesson on this point from their opponents, and should not be above doing so. Not a vote for the Republican ticket ought to be lost through the hesitation of any citizen to cast his ballot in accordance with the provisions of the new law.

An uncommonly bold burglar has been at work in Brooklyn. One night last week he deliberately forced his way into the house of Police Captain Dunn and stole a handsome diamond scarfpin and a number of articles of wearing apparel. The scarfpin was especially highly valued because it was a present to the captain from his admirers in the precinct. It is safe to assume that the thief was unfamiliar with the locality and did not know that he was robbing a police captain's house. If he perpetrated the robbery with his eyes open, he would be capable of planning a burglary in Police Headquarters.

To Bookworm: The phrase, "This peck of trouble," originated with Cervantes. The other phrase, "Our Peck of trouble," originated in the agonized breast of the Democracy of New-York.

An extra session of the Legislature of Rhode Island has been summoned by Governor Brown to meet on October 4 for the purpose of straightening out, if possible, the muddle into which Newport has been thrown through the refusal of the Democratic Mayor, Honey, to recognize a law which, in his opinion, was not constitutional. As matters stand at present, the voters of Newport will not be able to hold an election in November, the effect of the Mayor's conduct being virtually to disfranchise them. The only escape from that result appears to be through a special session. For a small State, Rhode Island certainly gets its share of legislation. Two sessions of the Legislature are held regularly each year, so that each of the two capitals may get its due proportion, and now a special session is made necessary by the presumption of a Democratic city official. It will be strange if Republicans do not resent at the polls this exhibition of Democratic folly.

Mention is made in Western newspapers of a progressive fish culturist who is endeavoring to raise a boneless shad. There can be no more fascinating conception than a boneless shad. It is the bright particular fish for which mankind has ever been waiting with great expectations and a watering mouth. A student of contemporary civilization declared the other day that the gifted being who would invent "a self-swearing collar button" would be hailed as the world's greatest benefactor. But these are the words of frivolity and extravagance. A genius who wants to see the world at his feet must not devote himself to buttons. The boneless shad's the thing.

PERSONAL.

Miss Elizabeth Ney, who is said to be a descendant of the unfortunate follower of Bonaparte, Marshal Ney, is a resident of Hempstead, Texas, and a sculptor. She is engaged at present in making statues of some of the heroes of the Lone Star State for the World's Fair.

John W. Jochim, of Ishpeming, the Republican candidate for Secretary of State in Michigan, is a native of Sweden, but has been in America since 1869. He had a fine education, and had been employed as a bookkeeper in Stockholm; but on arrival in this country he began working like a common laborer at handling iron ore. He soon got into the hardware business, however, and has become a prosperous merchant in that line of goods.

Kossuth's birthday was celebrated in Cleveland last Sunday, under the auspices of the Hungarian-American societies of the country, which had been holding a National convention there. A large procession, a banquet and speechmaking did honor to the Magyar nonogenarian.

The late Duke of Sutherland was an enthusiast over the American fire department system, and when features of it were adopted by Captain Shaw, of the Metropolitan Fire brigade, in London, the Duke had his residence, Stafford House, telegraphically connected with the headquarters. He also kept in his dressing-room the gleaming helmet, axe, belt and all the minutiae of the fireman's costume. Over twenty years ago he and the Prince of Wales were always among the first to arrive at the scene of a great conflagration.

Colonel W. A. Taylor, who heads the Ohio Democratic State ticket this year, being the candidate for Secretary of State, met with a curious snub from his own party a few days ago. He was present at a nominating convention in the XVIth Congressional District, the district which was gerrymandered so as to defeat Major McKinley two years ago. Being recognized by a delegate, Colonel Taylor was called upon to address the convention. Immediately there were cries of "No," "Yes, go on," "No," "No," and confusion reigned supreme. Finally the chairman put the question to a vote, and the "noes" outnumbered the "yeas" four to one, and Colonel Taylor was not invited.

General "Phil" Sheridan is quoted by Judge O. S. Stoddard, of St. Louis, who says that he once read to that gallant officer the poem immortalizing the ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek very soon after the verses first appeared in print. Thereupon Sheridan replied in substance: "I think if the versifier had seen that steed and knew how I had to spur and whip the old crowbait to get it to go over the road, he would not have had the attack of hysteria of which that poem is the offspring. Once my famous charger stumbled, and I came near going over his head into a mud-puddle. Instead of his plunging with me into the thickest of the fray, he played out completely, and I had to take the mount of an orderly. The rhymesters are blessed with very vivid imaginations."

A bronze monument to the German poet, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, has just been unveiled on Heligoland, which Germany purchased from England a few months ago. The monument, the work of Professor Schaper, consists of an obelisk of granite on which rests the bronze bust of the writer, his eyes turned toward Germany. Although the nobiliary particle "von" was always used by the poet, he was in reality not a nobleman. His real name was Hoffmann. That name, however, is so common in Germany that he added to it the place of his residence, and thus became a self-created nobleman.

The friends of Archduke Joseph of Austria have had much fun over the results of his attempt to colonize his estates of Doboz and Koebel with gypsies. During the spring and early summer the tribes seemed perfectly happy in their new homes, and the Archduke was jubilant. Harvest time and the days of selecting recruits for the army came, however. The gypsies, fearing work and service, picked up their belongings a few weeks ago and silently stole away. When His Imperial Highness went out to muster his gypsy colonists he found none to greet him. He will not repeat the experiment. The Archduke is a great friend of the wandering people, understands their language and has written a book about them.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

Apropos of the leanness of ex-Senator Ingalls, a Kansas man tells the following story: There is a doctor in Atchison who is a great friend of Mr. Ingalls. He had been frequently annoyed by a newsboy, who would come into his office very unceremoniously and pester him by trying to sell papers. One day when Mr. Ingalls was in the office the boy was heard coming up the stairs, and the doctor decided to put up a job on him. He rushed out an articulated skeleton, placed it in a chair by the desk and then the two men withdrew to the back room. In rushed the boy, and without noticing what was at the desk, came directly up to the skeleton. When he looked up and saw it grinning at him he was nearly scared into convulsions, and bolting for the door, yelled bloody murder. The joke tickled the doctor, but Mr. Ingalls's conscience pricked him, and going to the window, he looked out at the boy, who was standing below, crying. "Come upstairs, my boy," he said. "I'll buy one of your papers." But the boy began to yell harder than ever, and between his sobs he managed to blubber out: "Oh, you cannot fool me, even if you have put your clothes on!"

Colonel Yule, the Editor of "Marco Polo," has published, with John Murray, of London, a glossary of Anglo-Indian colloquial words. In this work, along with well-known loan words from remote Oriental tongues, we are surprised to meet "Just the cheese," derived from chiz, meaning "thing"; also, "Don't care a damn," derived from dam, a small copper coin, and equivalent for a "brass farthing." "Candy" sugar comes from khanda, and means "broken" sugar. "Chicane" and "chicanery" are derived through French usage from chaugan, horse-golf, or what we call polo, a game which has reached us for the second time since it was imported into Europe from the East before the Middle Ages. Demijohn is not from French dame-jeanne, but the town of Dannaghan, in Persia. Turban is a corruption of dulband, a Persian word for a head wrap.—(Philadelphia Ledger.

"The Albany Evening Journal" issues a large and handsome railroad, county and township map of the State of New-York, to be given as a premium to its subscribers. It contains, also, two smaller sketch maps of the State, showing the Congressional and State Senatorial districts, and tables giving the population of the State by counties, and Assembly apportionment, together with the population of the cities and villages of the State.

"You got off for fifteen minutes to vote, and yet you were absent a whole day. What excuse have you got?" "Well, suh, dey was mo' candidates out dan what I 'lowed dey would be, en ez fas' ez I vote fer one, hyer come ernuder agunnin'. Dey kinder tuck me by surprise."—(Atlanta Constitution.

The Provident Bounty Association of London, England, is prepared to insure married couples against twins and triplets. Parents who desire this kind of insurance pay in $25, and then in case of twins they will receive $250, and in case of triplets, $375. The officers of the association are confident that the idea will be very popular among the lower middle classes, in which case the profits will be enormous, since the number of twins and triplets in any community is comparatively small.

THE CANDIDATES.
(In private conference.)

Says Grover to Adlai, "They lead us apace;
We must 'straddle' a little, or not win the race.
The hosts of Protection come strong to their aid,
And these are well backed by reciprocal trade."

Says Adlai to Grover, "Have courage, my man,
We can't meet the facts, but deny them we can;
They've proved them, 'tis true, in this they're not lame;
Call for proof yet again—then deny, all the same.

Dodge the questions at issue; raise others in place;
Give 'snappers' your blessing, nor of anger show trace,
Throw to Tammany a sop, nor deem it all done,
Till the battle is lost, or the victory's won."

M. P. O.

"The life of a minor poet is not always a pleasant one," says one of them. "It is hard enough to get small prices for your poetry (when you get any price at all), but what do you think of this request that has just come to me? I am invited to compose a poem for an 'occasion' out in the country, and my host sends me a subject and says: 'It needn't be poetry, if you haven't time—only verses. You can be so witty when you have a mind to.'"

Lucie—Ned made a ringing speech last night, mommer.
Mommer—Um—um?
Lucie—Yes. He asked me to be his wife.—(The Jewellers' Circular.

There is a ten-year-old boy in Springfield, Mo., who weighs 180 pounds, and has two extra fingers and two extra toes.

COLUMBUS AND THE CHOLERA.

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus crossed the ocean blue.
In eighteen hundred and ninety-two
Cholera did the same thing, too.
The first maintained a constant hope;
With cholera, the only hope is soap.
—(Hartford Post.

There are nearly 119,000,000 old copper pennies lying unused somewhere.

In Hard Luck.—"These stories of yours," said the magazine editor, returning the roll of manuscript to the author, "are good in some respects, but they are hardly available for our use. They are too sombre. They are wanting in vivacity and movement. They lack freshness."

"Lack freshness, do they?" exclaimed the aspiring young man, crushing his hat savagely on his head and turning to go. "Lack freshness, hey? The last editor I showed them to, sir, said they lacked Attic salt!"—(Chicago Tribune.